



Mr. James J. Spear, the Philadelphia Millionaire She Married, in Fancy Dress.

WHEN Helen Louise Moyer, tall, slender and blonde, famed throughout that little world which revolves around the footlights as one of the most spectacular chorus girls in New York's most spectacular musical revue, was married to "Jimmie" Spear, of Philadelphia, she telegraphed to her most intimate chum:

"Tell the girls by-by. My romance-ship has come into port, and the Captain is a really truly blue-blooded millionaire. I'm out of the hall bedroom and into a palace."

And so it was. For "Jimmie" Spear, otherwise known as Mr. James J. Spear, heir of the great Spear interests in Philadelphia, was indeed the captain of Miss Helen's "romance-ship." He had followed clear around the country on one of her chorus-tours, begging dally, with words and flowers and presents which she habitually returned to him, to marry him. He was so persistent that finally he won, and what had been bothersome attentions at first became in reality a romance.

She matched him up with the other gilded youths who paid court to her, and was finally convinced that he really loved her and was not, like the others, merely fascinated with her beauty, her litheness and her blondness. Then she began to love him. And as for being a blue-blooded millionaire—why, the Spears have been Philadelphia aristocrats almost since the days of William Penn, and "Jimmie's" spending money, allowed him by the courts from the trust funds established by his father for his benefit, is just \$669,531.16 every year.

And there was not just one palace, but two or three—a big town house with scores of rooms and servants, an immense Summer mansion at Wallingford, Pa., with other scores of rooms and another corps of servants, a hunting lodge in Ontario and an estate in Tennessee.

It seemed to the pretty show girl, who had lived so long in a hall bedroom with the mother she supported, washing her own handkerchiefs and drying them on the window panes, cooking breakfasts on the gas jet, as though all her dreams had come true.

Then came the disillusionment. The honeymoon was over—a short, repulsive honeymoon spent in private cars running from hunting lodge to Southern estate, over to Paris and back, and then to the town house at Philadelphia for the reception to the other blue-bloods of the aristocratic circle who made up "Jimmie" Spear's set.

Now everyone may imagine with what a fluttering heart the erstwhile chorus girl, now Mrs. James J. Spear, mistress of millions and mansions, prepared for that first afternoon reception. She had seen the long list of names to which had been sent the at-home cards a fashionable Philadelphia jeweler had engraved to her husband's order, announcing this first at-home of the new bride. She compared the list, made up by her husband, with the pages of the "Social Register," and saw that almost every name was there. She wondered how so many hundreds of persons ever could be herded comfortably even in the spacious drawing rooms of the town house.

From Paris she had brought wonderful costumes; ball gowns from Lucile; afternoon frocks from Paquin; street suits from Douillet; ropes of jewels and tiaras from Cartier. No other bride ever burst



A Chorus in Which Mrs. Spear Is Seen as the Fourth Figure from the Right.

What Fashionable Society Did to the Chorus Girl Bride

Very Distressing Experiences of a Stage Beauty Who Was Won by a Millionaire—and How Her Romance Was Wrecked by the Snubs of the 'Disapproving Social Leaders

so effulgently upon the staid and hide-bound Philadelphia society. "Jimmie" was in raptures. And the beauty of it was that not even a patrician damsel to the manner born could have worn those wonderful clothes, and draped those marvelous jewels about her slender throat, so becomingly, so gracefully, so naturally as could this former chorus girl who, though she lived in a hall bedroom, had been taught and trained with infinite patience to lure admiration from thousands of masculine and feminine eyes by that very grace of poise and daintiness which sets off to their best advantage a gown and jewel in the latest mode.

No wonder there was a glint of expectant triumph in the dark eyes of one who now was "Mrs. Jimmie Spear," but who had been just Helen of the chorus. "She would show these fussy people that she was capable of taking her place among them." And "Jimmie" said to her: "Helen, you're a stunner—you'll knock these old fossils cold." "Jimmie" was noted for saying things that way.

Then "it" happened! Those dark, expressive eyes of the chorus girl flash like angry diamonds even now, when she thinks about it. It was the beginning of the end—the end which is soon to be a divorce with some sensational disclosures.

All that list of persons with long-handled, money-meaning, aristocratic sounding names, came to the reception of the bride. Limousines lined the blocks around the town house, says Mrs. Spear. Some came, even, who had not received cards. Fashionable clubs were deserted that afternoon because their habitués put on their afternoon coats with the conventional lapel flower, and gave their hats and sticks to the door man at the Spear mansion. There were no matinee parties, because all the maids and matrons thronged to the Spear drawing rooms.

Mr. "Jimmie," radiant, boyishly smiling his pride, stood at the foot of the great staircase. At his side, also radiant and smiling her happiness, stood his beautiful, blonde bride, in her most stunning afternoon frock from Paris, with her husband's wedding gift, a rope of pearls, draped down from her throat. One by one, and in couples and trios, the fashionable callers passed along to pay their respects. Among the first was an old dowager, two pretty daughters in her train. "Ah, Jimmie—so glad you are home again; I am sending you a card for tea to-morrow afternoon. You must come. The girls will be so glad to have a chat with you." Then the dowager's eyes, in response to a gesture from "Jimmie," passed to the figure at his side—the beautiful Mrs. "Jimmie." "Ah, the new Mrs. Spear, I believe? How do you do. Come daughters, we are in the way. Let's drop into the drawing room for a moment!" Dowager and daughters, without even a further nod, swept by.

The radiance went out of the face of the bride of the millionaire. The black eyes snapped. She wasn't a simpleton—the chorus had taught her some things. She knew that was a snub, a cruel, bitter, deliberate snub. "Ah, the new Mrs. Spear—how do you do—come daughters!"

Another matron, with her daughter at her side, swept up. "Awfully glad, Jimmie," and all that sort of thing, you know," said the mother. "Hope it turns out all right. Is this Mrs. Spear? Indeed! Well—well. Come, dear"—to her daughter—"we must let the others come along." And she followed the dowager, her daughter almost openly giggling into the bride's face.

So they passed, one after another, the fashionable maids and matrons of Philadelphia society—"Jimmie's" friends, the people among whom the young bride was to live, those whom she was to entertain

in her mansions—. "So this is the new Mrs. Spear? How do you do?" And that was all.

The men were different—of course. They were more chivalrous, more sympathetic. And some were quite frankly impressed. "Congratulations, old man! So glad to greet you, Mrs. Spear. We hope you will be very happy with us." That was about what most of them said—that is, the bachelors and the husbands who did not go down the line with their wives. If the wives were on their arms they were sheepish—they murmured something "at" the bride and passed on.

By the time the line was past the bride had become first hurt, then furious, then amused. She saw her golden dream fading; she saw, in her mind's eye what was ahead of her. Philadelphia was going to "turn her down," or, at best, ignore her. "Well, if that was to be the game—two can play!" was what she said to herself before the afternoon was over.

But that night there was a tearful, sad, disheartened and discouraged bride in the arms of the angry and sympathetic bridegroom. "Let's chuck the crowd and go to Europe," he said to her as he kissed away her tears. "They're not human beings—they're just stick-in-the-muds."

"We'll stay right where we are, and I'll show them that any Mrs. Jimmy Spear, at least this one, can't be put out of the game with a bluff," the former chorus girl replied. "You know, it's like getting in right with a new stage manager—you've got to put up an argument for yourself."

But it was a hard fight; a long "argument." Husband was invited here and there and everywhere—teas, dances, receptions, at-nomes and musicales. But there was always just ONE invitation sent to the Spear residence—addressed to MR. James J. Spear. Of course, he didn't go.

Presently one of his clubs—"Jimmie" was an active member of the Art Club, the Racquet Club, the Union League Club, the University Club, the Rose Tree Hunt Club, the Philadelphia Country Club and the Markham Club, all exclusive and fashionable—announced a "ladies' night." These "ladies' nights" at a fashionable club always are extremely important social affairs.

This was the first of the season and the most exclusive club of all. "Now we'll have a chance to go somewhere where you'll have to be received, and where you can begin to 'break in' by showing them you're the same kind of stuff as they are," said "Jimmie" when he came home with the announcement. But it wasn't to be.

Mr. Spear turned in his acceptance "for two," which meant, of course, that he would bring his bride. That evening, when he dropped in for a chat with some club friends, a member of the board of governors tapped him on the shoulder and drew him into a secluded corner of the library.

"Awfully sorry, old man," this member of the board of governors said, "and it's awfully embarrassing to me, but I've got a message from the board. You mustn't bring Mrs. Spear to the 'ladies' night.' You know how it is—some very particular people will be here, and—and—well, that's all there is to it. The board doesn't think it would be advisable."

"Then post my resignation," replied "Jimmie," and he went home to break the news to Mrs. Jimmie.

There came the opera season, and the auction of season tickets. Always the Spears had held a box. This year there was no invitation came to the Spear home to attend the auction and subscribe for the usual Spear box. "Jimmie" called up the opera committee and asked about the oversight. He wanted his usual box, of course. "Really, Mr. Spear—it's too bad—but something seems to have happened. Mrs. So and So, you know, is president of the com-

mittee, and she looked over the list of names. When the secretary came to mail the envelopes with the announcements in she found that your name had been crossed off by Mrs. So and So. She did say though, that if you wished the box for yourself alone, and such guests as you might wish to invite it would be all right, but I felt you would be satisfied with that."

"Jimmie" wasn't satisfied with that—nor with Mrs. So and So's censoring of the list either. He raised an awful fuss and threatened to go into court about it if he was denied the privilege of buying a box. So they had to let him have his usual box, although they did charge him double for it. "They didn't put that over, anyway," he said to his wife that night.

When they went to the opera all the lognettes in the place were turned curiously upon Mrs. Spear, who sat quite composed and calm. "Really, you know—," someone whispered in the box next, "she's quite all right, seemingly. Shes' got spunk and acts as if she really had a grandfather."

Whenever she went for a walk down Philadelphia's fashionable "main line" curtains were pushed aside in the homes of the rich and "blue blooded" and curious eyes watched Mrs. "Jimmie." "They want to see if I know how to lift my feet," she told her husband. Well, they learned to lift their's when they walk during five or six years at some finishing school. I learned in two days in the chorus."

After a while the bachelors of society, young and old, began to come to the Spear house on afternoons—sometimes elderly husbands, too, to call on "Jimmie" ostensibly, but really to bask in the presence of witty "Mrs. Jimmie" who, somehow or another, seemed to make friends despite the verdict of the dowagers. Quite often one of these chaps would attempt a little familiar witticism with "Mrs. Jimmie," thinking to themselves, no doubt—"she's just a chorus girl, you know—not one of us." But these adventurers quickly got their deserts. One of them ventured a little too far upon the chorus-girl-past and was shown the door of the Spear mansion. He was really a good sort, though, and told the joke on himself to his friends. They told it to others—and the dowagers learned about it.

Then the bars were let down—after two years of haughty indifference. Invitations began to come in to "Mrs. Jimmie." Those who had said a cold "Howdodo" on her bridal reception, now said a warm "Please dear—won't you come to see me."

But those two years had scared the soul of the former chorus girl. Two years longer she waited, just to show after two years of acceptance in society and familiarity with the opera and the ladies' nights and the at-homes and balls, that she could more than hold her own with the bluest blood of all, and be as lovable as the best of them, and then, her fight completely won, she packed her bags and trunks and said good-bye to Philadelphia,



Mrs. James J. Spear, the Disappointed Chorus Girl Bride, as She Is To-day.

her romance and her palaces, and returned to the hall room in New York, with her mother. Now she is suing for a divorce. "It's no use," she says, philosophically, "society's all right, and so is the chorus. I'll take the chorus for mine."